

## 26. August 26: There Will Come Soft Rains (1950)

By Ray Bradbury

【二十六】八月二十六日：綿綿細雨將至－卜拉德著

In the living room the voice-clock sang, *Tick-Tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o'clock!* as if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. *Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine!*

起居室裏會講話的鐘唱了，*滴答，七點鐘，起床時間到了，起床時間到了，七點鐘！*簡直是害怕沒有人會起床似的。這早晨的屋子沒人住。那鐘滴滴答答地繼續走，一邊重複又重複地講它的話。*七點九分，早餐時間，七點九分！*

In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunnyside up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk.

廚房裏烤爐嘶嘶作響，然後從裏面熱烘烘的烤出八片烤得正正好的吐司麵包，八只蛋黃朝上的煎蛋，十六薄片脆脆肉，兩杯咖啡，加上兩杯冷牛奶。

"Today is August 4, 2026," said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, "in the city of Allendale, California." It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. "Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."

"今天是二〇二六年八月四號，"第二個聲音說，這個聲音是從廚房天花板的方向傳出來的，"在加州艾倫底市這裏。"它把日期重複了三次好讓人能記得。"今天是費澤同先生的生日。今天是蒂麗妲的結婚紀念。保險費可以付了，水費，瓦斯，和電費，也都可以付了。"

Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.

牆壁裏面，某處續電器滴答地響，記憶磁帶滑過電眼。

*Eight-one, tick-tock, eight-one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight-one!* But no doors slammed, no carpets took the soft tread of rubber heels. It was raining outside. The weather box on the front door sang quietly: "Rain, rain, go away; rubbers, raincoats for today ..." And the rain tapped on the empty house, echoing.

*八點一分，滴答，八點一分，去上學，去上班，快，快，八點一分！*可是呢，沒有大聲關門的聲音，地毯也沒有被膠鞋的軟底輕輕地踏過。外面下雨。前門的氣象盒子低聲地唱："雨呀，雨呀，快不要下；雨鞋，雨衣，今天要用..."雨打在空屋上，回應著。

Outside, the garage chimed and lifted its door to reveal the waiting car. After a long wait the door swung down again.

屋子外面，車庫發出一聲諧音然後門開起來，裏面有部車子等著。等了一陣子，車庫門又自己關下去。

At eight-thirty the eggs were shriveled and the toast was like stone. An aluminum wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a hot washer and emerged twinkling dry.

八點半，蛋都變硬邦邦的了，吐司麵包也成了石頭一樣。一支三角形的鋁片把它們刮到洗手臺，丟到水池裏面，熱水把它們一陣漩渦沖下一支鐵喉嚨，就這樣被碾碎，然後沖到遙遠的海裏去。骯髒的盤子丟到熱洗碗機裏面，隨後亮晶晶地烘乾出來。

*Nine-fifteen, sang the clock, time to clean.*

九點十五分，時鐘又唱，開始清潔。

Out of warrens in the wall, tiny robot mice darted. The rooms were acrawl with the small cleaning animals, all rubber and metal. They thudded against chairs, whirling their mustached runners, kneading the rug nap, sucking gently at hidden dust. Then, like mysterious invaders, they popped into their burrows. Their pink electric eyes faded. The house was clean.

從牆壁裏面住的地方，小機器老鼠一隻隻跳出來。每個房間裏面都有這種清潔工小老鼠爬來爬去，它們都是--穿了橡皮盔甲，金屬身體的-皮甲金身。好像打橄欖球一樣，它們撞擊椅腳，鬍鬚一般的輪腳轉動，清潔著毯毛，輕而易舉地把隱藏的灰塵都吸起來。之後呢，像神秘的外星入侵者一樣，又一隻一隻地跳回它們住的地方。粉紅色電器眼睛暗掉。房子清潔了。

*Ten o'clock.* The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes. This was the one house left standing. At night the ruined city gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles.

十點鐘。雲雨之後，太陽出來。整個城市呈現一處廢墟，唯有這棟房子還站住腳。唯一僅存的一棟。晚間，廢墟之城發出輻射光綫，好幾英里之外都能看見。

*Ten-fifteen.* The garden sprinkles whirled up in golden founts, filling the soft morning air with scatterings of brightness. The water pelted windowpanes, running down the charred west side where the house had been burned evenly free of its white paint. The entire west face of the house was black, save for five places. Here the silhouette in paint of a man moving a lawn. Here, as in a photograph, a woman bent to pick flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung into the air; higher up, the image of a thrown ball, and opposite him a girl, hands raised to catch a ball which never came down.

十點十五。花園噴水器旋轉起來，噴起朵朵金色大花朵似的水霧，給早晨溫柔的空氣加上這邊閃閃，那邊閃閃的亮光。水漬到窗玻璃上，然後朝西邊的方向流去，也就是房子原來白色的油漆被均勻地燒退的那面。除了五處地方，整面西邊的牆都燒黑了。在這裏，是個男人割草的輪廓。這裏，就像相片裏面一樣，一個女人蹲下去拔花。再往下，你可以看到類似快速攝影效果，一個小男孩，雙手高高地伸出；再往上看，是一只擲出的球，再看到他對面，是一個女孩，伸出雙手要接這個沒有依據地心引力掉回來的球。

The five spots of paint – the man, the woman, the children, the ball – remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer.

唯有這五處地方保留下來－這男人，這女人，小孩子們，和那支球--。牆面其他地方的油漆好比一張黑白底片一樣，都燒得只剩薄薄的一層。

The gentle sprinkler rain filled the garden with falling light.

噴水器給花園帶來一陣陣撫慰的流星細雨。

Until this day, how well the house had kept its peace. How carefully it had inquired, "Who goes there? What's the password?" and, getting no answer from lonely foxes and whining cats, it had shut up its windows and drawn shades in an old maidenly preoccupation with self-protection which bordered on a mechanical paranoia.

一直到今天，你看，這房子多麼耐心地保持了它的心平氣和。一直這麼細心地問，“是誰？密碼是什麼？”然後呢，因為從孤孤單單的狐狸和嗚嗚叫的貓兒得不到答應，早就把窗子關起來，簾子拉下來，就好像一個老處女急急忙忙地要保護自己，簡直是得了機械式的偏執病了。

It quivered at each sound, the house did. If a sparrow brushes a window, the shade snapped up. The bird, startled, flew off! No, not even a bird must touch the house!

有任何聲響，這房子就要發抖。譬如說，一隻麻雀的翅膀掃了一下窗子，簾子馬上砰一聲關掉。麻雀吃了一驚，就飛走了！不行，連一隻鳥都不能碰這個房子一下！

The house was an altar with ten thousand attendants, big, small, serving, attending, in choirs. But the gods had gone away, and the ritual of the religion continued senselessly, uselessly.

這房子是上萬成員的祭壇，大大小小的成員，也有服務人員，也有觀禮的人，也有唱詩班。可是呢，他們所祭的神卻走了，於是乎宗教儀式徒然繼續進行，完全沒有人意識到什麼，也起不了任何的作用。

*Twelve noon.*

中午十二點。

A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.

一隻狗在前廊嗚嗚地叫，牠的身體一邊發著抖。

The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience.

前門認得這隻狗的聲音於是就打開了。這隻狗原來又大又豐滿，現在是一身皮包骨，滿身都是創傷。牠進到門裏面，從屋子裏走過，留下泥濘的脚印。生氣的小老鼠跟著牠後面呼呼作響，因為它們必須把污泥掃起來，真是麻煩。

For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the cooper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner.

儘管是一片葉子的小小碎片，只要有任何東西被風從門下面吹進來，牆裏的門板馬上翻開，那些皮甲金身的清潔工小老鼠急急忙忙地蜂擁而出。它們把擅自入境的灰塵，毛髮，或紙屑等等用小小的鋼爪抓住，然後快快跑回牠們窩藏的地方。在那裏，這些垃圾被畚到通往地窖的管子裏面，再從那裏，被投進一支看起來像坐在黑暗的角落裏為地獄掌門的巴爾似的焚化爐呼呼作響的進氣口。

The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here.

狗狗跑到樓上，在每個門外尖聲地叫，一直到最後和這房子一樣，明白了這房子除了寂靜之外，一無所有，才靜止下來。

It sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odor and the sent of maple syrup.

狗狗擡起鼻子好像聞到了什麼東西，然後跑到廚房那裏抓門。門裏面，爐子在做鍋餅，整個房子都是濃濃烤餅的氣味，又夾雜著楓糖蜜的香甜氣味。

The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlor for an hour.

狗狗流出口水，躺在門那裏，一邊仰起鼻子聞，一邊眼睛變成火光似的。牠開始團團轉起來，咬自己的尾巴，轉得頭暈目眩，然後死了。牠就這麼著躺在在廊上整整一小時。

*Two o'clock, sang a voice.*

兩點鐘，一個聲音這麼唱。

Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown gray leaves in an electrical wind.

終於聞到腐敗的氣味，幾個軍團的清潔工小老鼠一邊低聲哼唱，一邊像在行軍一樣出現，好似電風扇把秋天灰色的落葉緩緩地吹動。

*Two-fifteen.*

兩點十五分。

The dog was gone.

狗狗不見了。

In the cellar, the incinerator glowed suddenly and a whirl of sparks leaped up the chimney.

地窖裏，焚化爐突然大亮，然後，接著一團火花從烟囱直衝出來。

*Two thirty-five.*

兩點三十五分。

Bridge tables sprouted from patio walls. Playing cards fluttered onto pads in a shower of pips. Martinis manifested on an oaken bench with egg-salad sandwiches. Music played.

陽臺壁打開，幾張橋牌桌擺出來。牌子如花點子雨一般落成幾堆。一條橡木椅子上擺了幾杯馬提尼，還有雞蛋沙拉三明治擺在旁邊。

But the tables were silent and the cards untouched.

桌子靜悄悄的，牌子也沒人碰。

At four o'clock the tables folded like great butterflies back through the paneled walls.

四點，幾張桌子好像大大的蝴蝶一樣被摺疊起來，隱藏到板牆裏面。

*Four-thirty.*

四點三十。

The nursery walls glowed.

育兒房的四壁發亮。

Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon color and fantasy. Hidden films docked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nurse floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminum roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spoors! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starved grass. Now the walls dissolved into distances of parched weed, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes.

動物顯現出來：黃顏色的長頸鹿，藍顏色的獅子，粉紅顏色的羚羊，淡紫顏色的豹子，都在水晶之中活生生地跳躍。玻璃製的牆壁。裏面的動物往外觀看色彩繽紛的新奇世界。隱藏的磁帶走過滑溜溜的齒輪組，牆壁活躍起來。孩兒房的地板是模仿一片光潔麥片似的草原織起來的。鋁蟑螂和鐵蟋蟀跑來跑去，熱而凝滯的空氣裏，紅色纖細的布蝴蝶，忽高忽低地在動物的脚印所發散出來的濃烈香氣裏面飛翔！有個聲響好似風箱裏面一只大大的隔間隔得好好的黃色蜂巢所發出的聲音，原來是隻懶洋洋的獅子躲在那裏裝腔作勢地打瞌睡。小長頸鹿啪嗒嗒地跑加上森林裏新雨綿綿，牠們把蹄子和其他的動物一樣，輕輕踏在夏天被太陽曬乾了的草皮上。再看，牆壁投影出遙遠的原野景觀，曬乾了的草原一片接著一片，溫暖的天空一望無際。遠遠地，可以看到野生動物回歸牠們的荊棘樹叢和水洞園地。

It was the children's hour.

小孩時間。

*Five o'clock.* The bath filled with clear hot water.

五點鐘。浴缸灌滿了乾淨熱水。

*Six, seven, eight o'clock.* The dinner dishes manipulated like magic tricks, and in the study a click. In the metal stand opposite the hearth where a fire now blazed up warmly, a cigar popped out, half an inch of soft gray ash on it, smoking, waiting.

六，七，八點。晚飯的盤子好像魔術師在表演飛盤一樣，書房裏喀拉一響。一頭壁爐裏面爐火暖暖地升起，對面那頭，從金屬架子裏頭，一支雪茄剔出，半吋長的烟灰，冒著煙，等在那裏。

*Nine o'clock.* The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here.

九點鐘。藏在床裏的電路開始加熱，因為這裏晚上天冷。

*Nine-five.* A voice spoke from the study ceiling:

九點五分。書房天花板傳來講話聲：

“Mrs. McClellan, which poem would you like this evening?”

“馬太太，妳今晚喜歡那首詩歌？”

The house was silent.

屋子鴉雀無聲。

The voice said at last, “Since you express no preference, I shall select a poem at random.” Quiet music rose to back the voice. “Sara Teasdale. As I recall, your favorite ....

說話聲終於說，“既然妳沒有表達喜好，我要隨便選一首。”寧靜的音樂襯托著講話聲。“撒拉提思蝶。我記得是妳喜歡的 ...

“There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,

And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools sing at night,

And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,

Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one

Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,

if mankind perished utterly;

Ans Spring herself, when she woke at dawn

Would scarcely know that we were gone.”

“綿綿細雨將至，地面氣味飄揚，  
燕子繞圈低飛，聲音閃閃亮亮；  
小池塘裏青蛙哇哇夜鳴，  
野梅子枝頭小白花抖顫，  
知更鳥將穿發火紅衫，  
低棲籬刺說訴心腸；  
沒人知曉這場戰爭，沒人  
當它回事，即使終於這樣。  
管它的，草木鳥獸有知，  
人死光，對牠們都一樣；  
春姐姐一覺醒來  
不知人類已經滅亡。”

The fire burned on the stone hearth and the cigar fell away into a mound of quiet ash on its tray. The empty chairs faced each other between the silent walls, and the music played.

石壁爐底火燃燒著，雪茄掉進小臺子一堆灰燼裏面。空著沒人坐的椅子擺在那裏對看，四壁靜悄悄的，音響玩著。

At ten o'clock the house began to die.

十點鐘房子開始完蛋了。

The wind blew. A failing tree bough crashed through the kitchen window. Cleaning solvent, bottled, shattered over the stove. The room was ablaze in an instant!

風起了。一支倒下的大樹枝撞破廚房窗子。瓶裝的清潔藥水被打碎潑到爐臺上面。一剎那間，廚房燒着了！

“Fire!” screamed a voice. The house lights flashed, water pumps shot water from the ceilings. But the solvent spread on the linoleum, licking, eating, under the kitchen door, while the voices took it up in chorus: “Fire, fire, fire!”

“失火了！”一個聲音叫。屋內電燈開始閃爍，抽水機把水從天花板噴射出來。但是清潔劑流到油氈毯上，跟著流的小火舌在廚房門底下舔什麼似的，很快就大口大嚼起來，幾處的聲音一同呼叫：“失火了，失火了，失火了！”

The house tried to save itself. Doors sprang tightly shut, but the windows were broken by the heat and the wind blew and sucked upon the fire.

房子企圖自救。門馬上彈回去關起來，可是窗子因為高溫熱破了，風吹進來抽動火勢。

The house gave ground as the fire in ten billion angry sparks moved with flaming ease from room to room and then up the stairs. While scurrying water rats squeaked from the walls, pistoled their water, and ran for more. And the wall sprays let down showers of mechanical rain.

房子無力支撐，由於百億的憤怒火星從一個房間，一個房間瀟瀟灑灑地走過，好比不當一回事放火的土匪一樣，然後到了樓上。這同時，小老鼠們吱吱地叫，從牆壁裏面跑出來，對著火噴水，然後又跑去拿更多的水。壁上的灑水器紛紛下起機械雨。

But too late. Somewhere, sighing, a pump shrugged to a stop. The quenching rain ceased. The reserve water supply which had filled baths and washed dishes for many quiet days was gone.

然而一切都遲了。聽到一個抽水機嘆了一口氣抖了一抖就停了。止火的雨停下。平常沒事的時候用來灌洗澡盆和洗碗盤的預備水用光了。

The fire crackled up the stairs. It fed upon Picassos and Matisse's in the upper halls, like delicacies, baking off the oily flesh, tenderly crisping the canvases into black shavings.

火勢咳咳地往樓上燒。把牆上掛的畢卡索和馬蒂斯的名畫當成點心來吃，烤掉油層，畫布被慢慢地烤成捲捲的脆黑炭屑一般。

Now, the fire lay in beds, stood in windows, changed the colors of drapes!

糟糕，現在躺在床上的不是人，而是火，鬼影一般站在窗子裏面，窗簾的顏色跟著改變！

And then, reinforcements.

然而，救兵來了。

From attic trapdoors, blind robot faces peered down with faucet mouths gushing green chemical.

靠天花板閣樓的扳機門打開，盲目的機器臉紛紛朝下，口吐綠色滅火藥劑。

The fire backed off, as even an elephant must at the sight of a dead snake. Now there were twenty snakes whipping over the floor, killing the fire with a clear cold venom of green froth.

火退了，好比一隻大象看到一隻死蛇必須退步一樣。眼前有二十條蛇在地板上，鞭子一般左右扭擺，口中噴出一種發綠泡的透明冷液來滅火。

But the fire was clever. It had sent flames outside the house, up through the attic to the pumps there. An explosion! The attic brain which directed the pumps was shattered into bronze shrapnel on the beams.

道高一尺，魔高一丈。燃燒的火派遣火焰從房子外面進入閣樓，到達抽水機那裏。一聲爆響！閣樓裏指導抽水機的頭腦粉碎，銅碎片紛紛灑落棟樑。

The fire rushed back into every closet and felt of the clothes hung there.

火於是快快回到每一個櫥櫃，不放過任何一件掛著的衣裳。

The house shuddered, oak bone on bone, its bared skeleton cringing from the heat, its wire, its nerves revealed as if a surgeon had torn the skin off to let the red veins and capillaries quiver in the scalded air. Help, help! Fire! Run, run! Heat snapped mirrors like the brittle winter ice. And the voices wailed Fire, fire, run, run, like a tragic nursery rhyme, a dozen voices, high, low, like children dying in a forest, alone, alone. And the voiced fading as the wires popped their sheathings like hot chestnuts. One, two, three, four, five voices died.

房子顫抖起來，橡木骨架子互相抨擊，燒光僅存的空架子由於火熱萎縮著，電綫 -- 它的神經系統 -- 爆出，好像外科醫生把皮膚撕開，暴露出裏面的紅色筋脈和細密血管一樣，任它們在炙熱空氣裏抖動。救命，救命！失火了！快跑，快跑！熱把一面一面的鏡子燒碎，就像冬天薄薄的冰塊。聲音又叫失火了，失火了，快跑，快跑，就像一群孤立無援的小孩在樹林裏面快要死的時候，大聲小聲叫喚出哄小孩子睡覺時所唱的悲歌。電綫一面爆開塑膠的絕緣，就像烤榛果爆開一樣，那些求救的呼叫聲靜止下來。一聲，兩聲，三聲，四聲，五聲，就這麼死了。

In the nursery the jungle burned. Blue lions roared, purple giraffes bounded off. The panthers ran in circles, changing color, and ten million animals, running before the fire, vanished off toward a distant steaming river ....

育兒房壁顯示的叢林燃燒。藍顏色的獅子吼，紫顏色的長頸鹿跑。豹子團團轉，一邊改變顏色，不下千萬無以計數的動物跑在火之前，往遙遠的一處冒蒸汽的河流奔馳 ....

Ten more voices died. In the last instant under the fire avalanche, other choruses, oblivious, could be heard announcing the time, playing music, cutting the lawn by remote-control mower, or setting an umbrella frantically out and in the slamming and opening front door, a thousand things happening, like a clock shop when each clock strikes the hour insanely before or after the other, a scene of maniac confusion, yet unity; singing, screaming, a few last cleaning mice darting bravely out to carry the horrid ashes away! And one voice, with sublime disregard for the situation, read poetry aloud in the fiery study, until all the film spools burned, until all the wires withered and the circuits cracked.

十個聲音又歸死寂。最後，在火堆傾倒之中，仍然可以聽到其他諧音，這些聲音顯然不知道發生了什麼事，照常宣佈時間，播放音樂，遙控割草機，把一支陽傘瘋狂地從一扇一下打開，一下關起的門那裏送出去打開又縮起來收回，千萬事務忙亂著，就像鐘錶店裏的時鐘有些在前，有些在後，紛紛報時一樣，瘋狂紛亂的情景，又終歸於一致之源；碩果僅存的幾隻清潔工老鼠一面唱，一面叫，勇敢地跑來跑去，把恐怖的灰燼拿出去！其中又有一個安靜超然的聲音在火燒到屁股的書房大聲唸詩，一直唸到所有磁帶都燒毀了，直到所有綫路都燒焦了，電路崩碎了。

The fire burst the house and let it slam flat down, puffing out skirts of spark and smoke.

火把房子炸開，房子平平地撞倒，火星和烟霧如衣裙般噴出。

The kitchen, an instant before the rain of fire and timber, the stove could be seen making breakfasts at a psychopathic rate, ten dozen eggs, six loaves of toast, twenty dozen bacon strips, which, eaten by fire, started the stove working again, hysterically hissing!

火和木材如爆炸的兩點下來之前，廚房裏可以看見火爐正在瘋狂地整理早飯，一百二十只蛋，六條土司麵包，兩百四十小條脆腌肉，它們被火吃掉以後，廚房又升起咻咻叫的爐子，重新做過！

The crash. The attic smashing into kitchen and parlor. The parlor into cellar, cellar into sub-cellar. Deep freeze, armchair, film tapes, circuits, beds, and all like skeletons thrown in a cluttered mound deep under.

撞擊。閣樓撞進廚房和前廊。前廊撞進地窖，地窖撞進更下一層的地窖。大冰櫃，搖椅，磁帶，電路板，床，所有一切像骷髏一般被丟到深深的一個墳堆。

Smoke and silence. A great quantity of smoke.

煙和寂靜。一大堆的煙。

Dawn showed faintly in the east. Among the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall, a last voice said, over and over again and again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam:

黎明在東方淡淡出現。廢墟中，一面牆獨立。裏面最後一聲重複又重複，重複又重複地講話，儘管太陽已經升起，照耀在這堆冒水蒸氣的瓦礫灰燼：

“Today is August 5, 2026, today is August 5, 2026, today is ...”

“今天是二〇二六年八月五號，今天是二〇二六年八月五號，今天是 ...”